

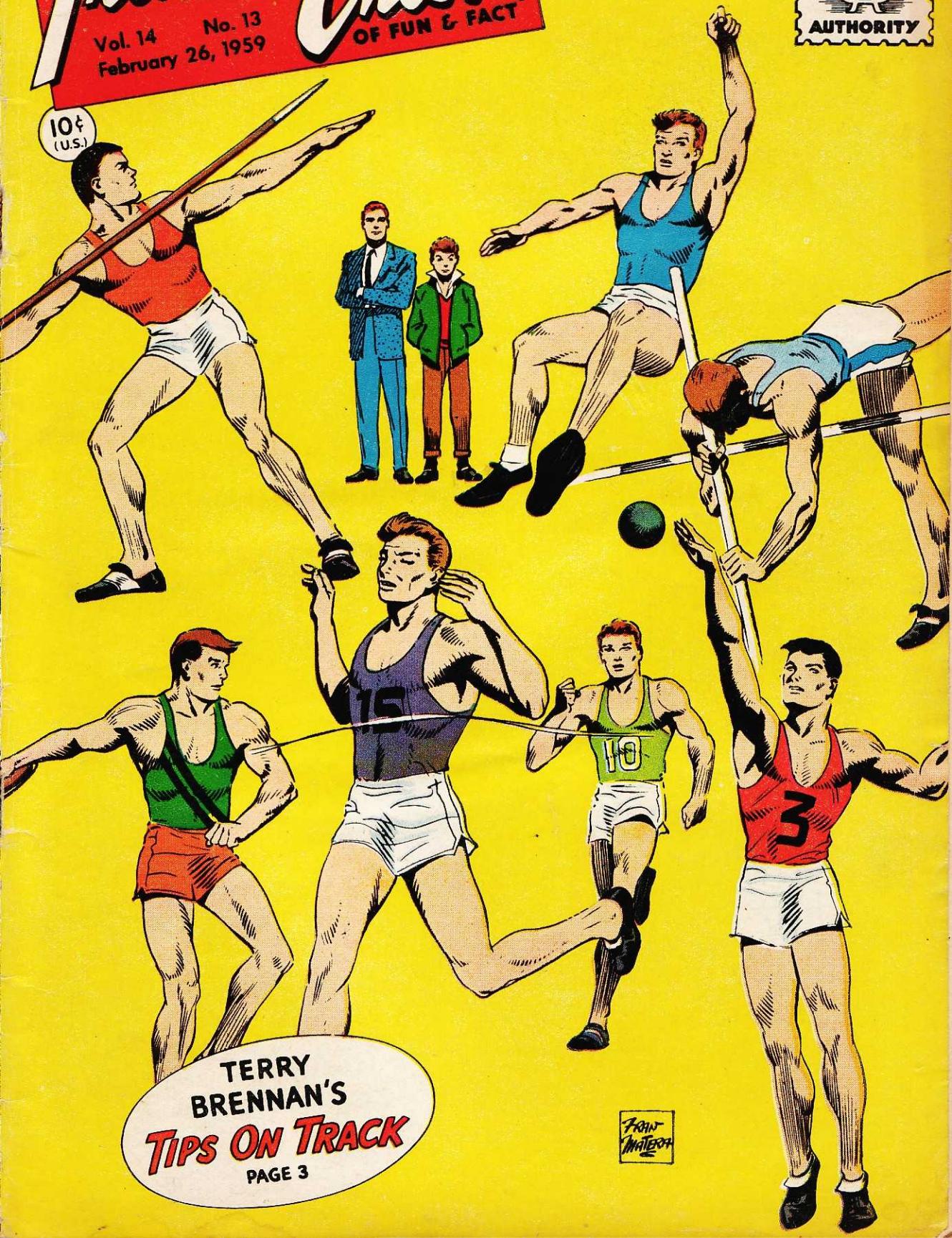
Treasure Chest

OF FUN & FACT®

Vol. 14 No. 13
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(U.S.)

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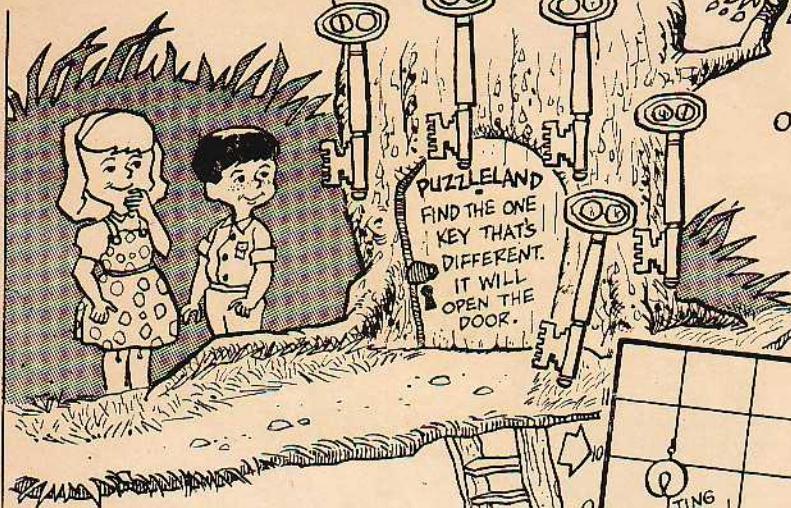
TERRY
BRENNAN'S
TIPS ON TRACK
PAGE 3

FRANK
MATERA

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



PATTY and PETE in Puzzeland



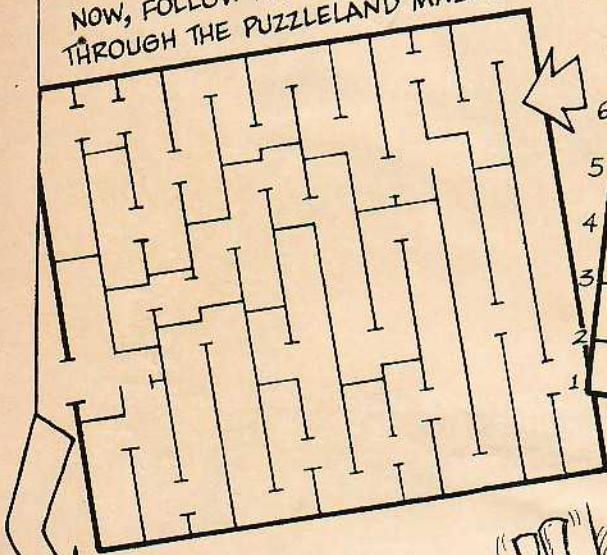
FIND THE ONE
KEY THAT'S
DIFFERENT.
IT WILL
OPEN THE
DOOR.

.. AND HERE IS THE
OWNER OF PUZZLELAND.

TO SEE WHAT HE LOOKS
LIKE, START AT
C-10 AND DRAW A LINE TO
C-11, THEN TO B-11,
AND SO ON.....

(SEE BOTTOM FOR FURTHER NUMBERS.)

NOW, FOLLOW PATTY AND PETE
THROUGH THE PUZZLELAND MAZE...



THE WAY OUT OF PUZZLELAND.
CAN YOU SHOOT THE SCISSORS
ACROSS THE
CHASM...



..AND CUT THE ROPE
HOLDING UP THE
LADDER.

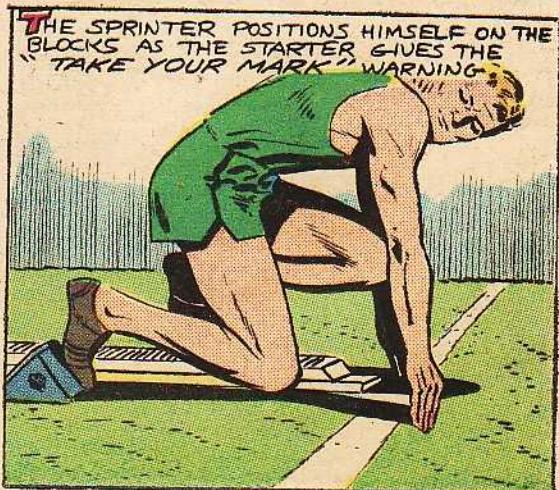
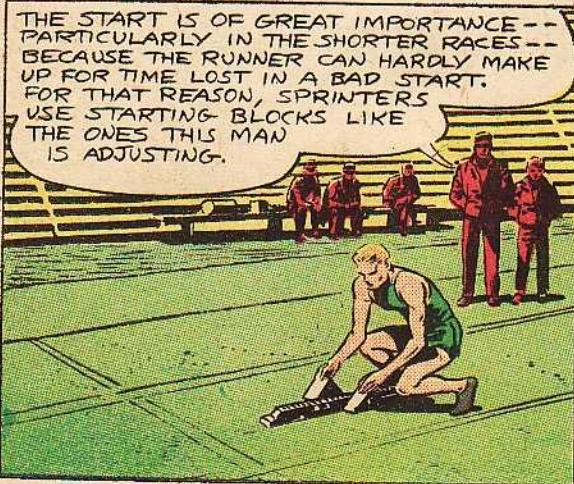
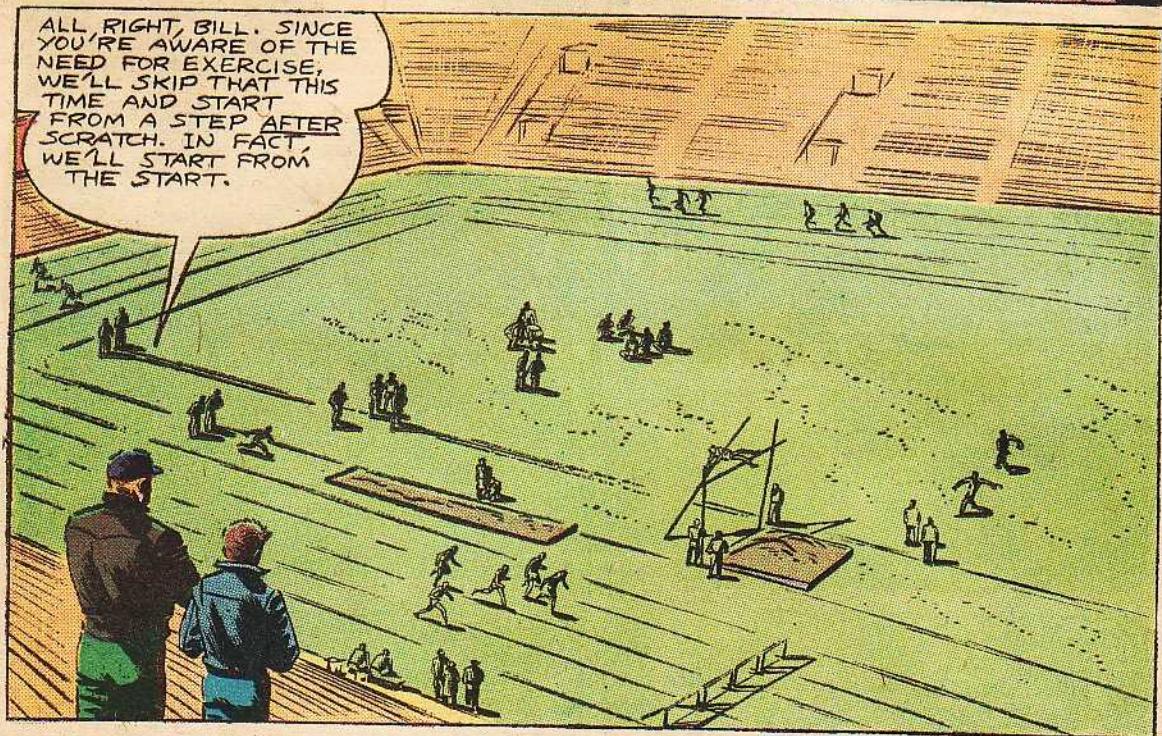
HERE'S HOW. THIS DEPENDS ON YOUR ABILITY TO CROSS WHILE
THE PAPER IS SIX INCHES AWAY. HOLD PAPER AT ARMS LENGTH. FIX EYES
ON THE BLACK BALL. SLOWLY BRING THE PAPER UP TO YOUR NOSE AND CUT IT.



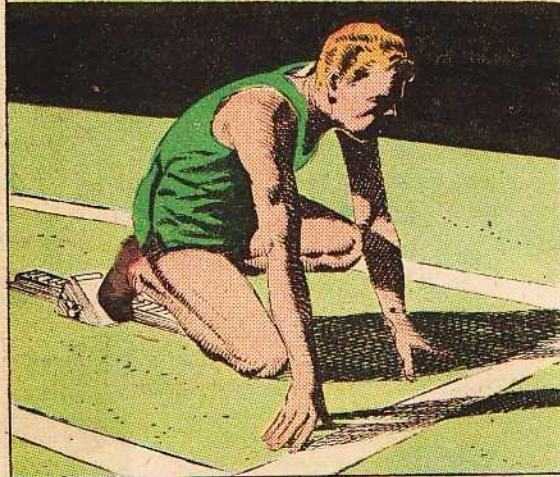
IT'S A COURT JESTER.

G-9 $\frac{1}{2}$, A-10 $\frac{1}{2}$, A-11, B-11 $\frac{1}{2}$, C-11 $\frac{1}{2}$, D-11, F-11, G-10,
D-1 $\frac{1}{2}$, D-2, B-2, B-4, D-5, D-6, B-6, B-6 $\frac{1}{2}$, C-6 $\frac{1}{2}$, C-7,
D-7, D-8, C-7 $\frac{1}{2}$, C-8, B-8, B-8 $\frac{1}{2}$, C-9, C-10.

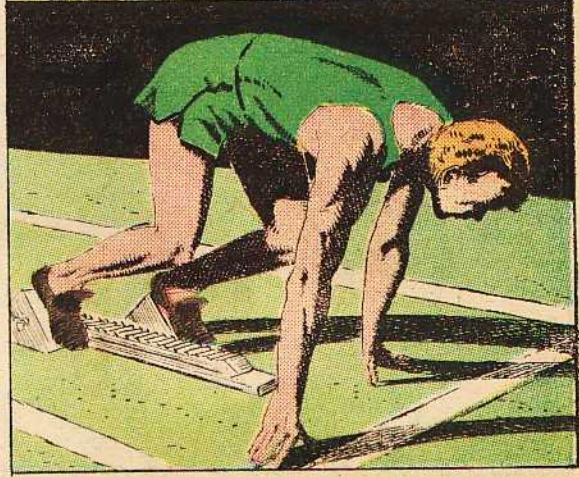




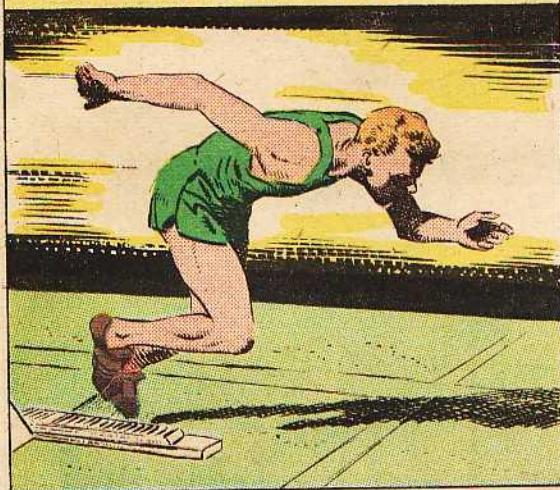
HERE IS THE POSITION THE RUNNER ASSUMES JUST BEFORE THE "GET SET" ORDER IS GIVEN . . .



. . . AT WHICH TIME HE COILS HIMSELF INTO THIS POSITION, READY TO SPRING FORWARD AS THE STARTER'S GUN IS FIRED.

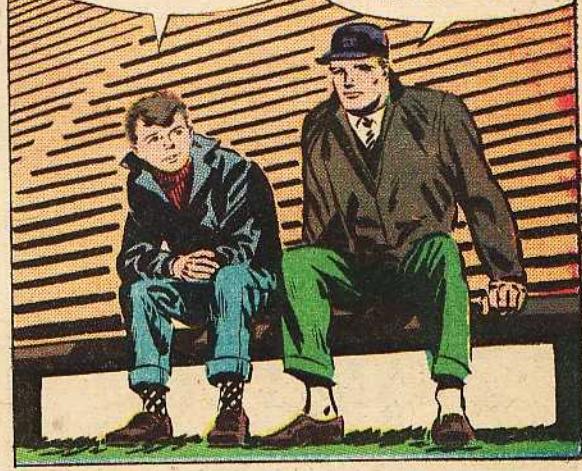


WHEN THE TIME ARRIVES, HE SHOULD DRIVE OFF WITH EVERYTHING HE'S GOT, EYES ON THE FINISH LINE . . .

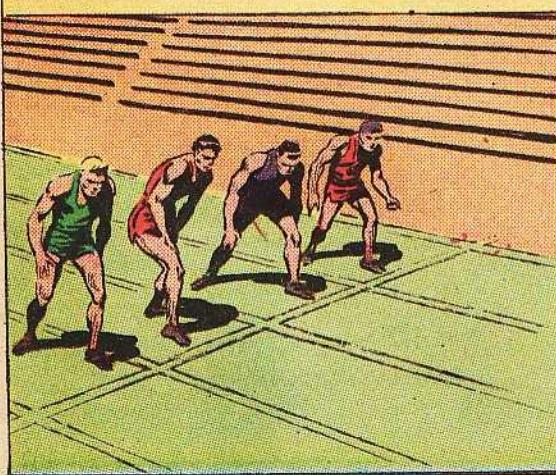


THAT'S NOT THE KIND OF START I'VE SEEN IN MILE RACES, COACH . . .

TRUE, BILLY. SINCE A BLAZING START ISN'T NECESSARY IN A LONG RACE . . .



... THE RUNNERS USUALLY LINE UP IN WHATEVER POSITION THEY FIND MOST COMFORTABLE . . .



THEY USUALLY RUN THE RACE ACCORDING TO PLAN, TRYING TO RUN EACH LAP ON THE TIME SCHEDULE THEY'VE SET UP . . .



ONLY ON THE FINAL LAP OR SO DO THEY COMPETE DIRECTLY WITH EACH OTHER.



AND HERE'S A TIP ON FINISHING A RACE, BILLY. DON'T THINK OF A FINISH LINE AS THE END OF A RACE. AIM AT A POINT TEN YARDS FARTHER ON. THEN YOU WON'T BE TEMPTED TO SLOW DOWN JUST BEFORE YOU REACH THE FINISH LINE.



ANOTHER THING: A RUNNER MUST GUARD AGAINST THE MENTAL FEELING OF BEING TIRED THAT ALWAYS COMES BEFORE REAL TIREDNESS.

YOU MEAN A RUNNER CAN ALWAYS RUN A LITTLE FARTHER THAN HE THINKS HE CAN.

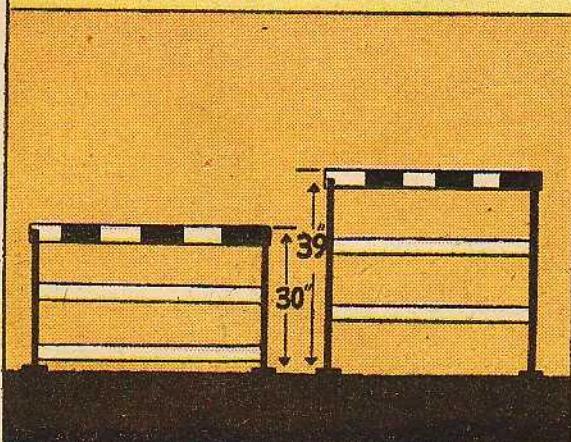


OR BOUNCE A LITTLE FARTHER, BILLY. IF HE'S RUNNING IN A HURDLE RACE, THAT IS.

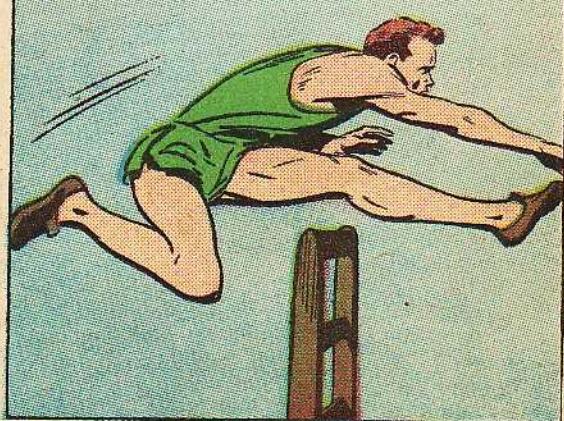
WHAT ABOUT THE HURDLES, COACH?



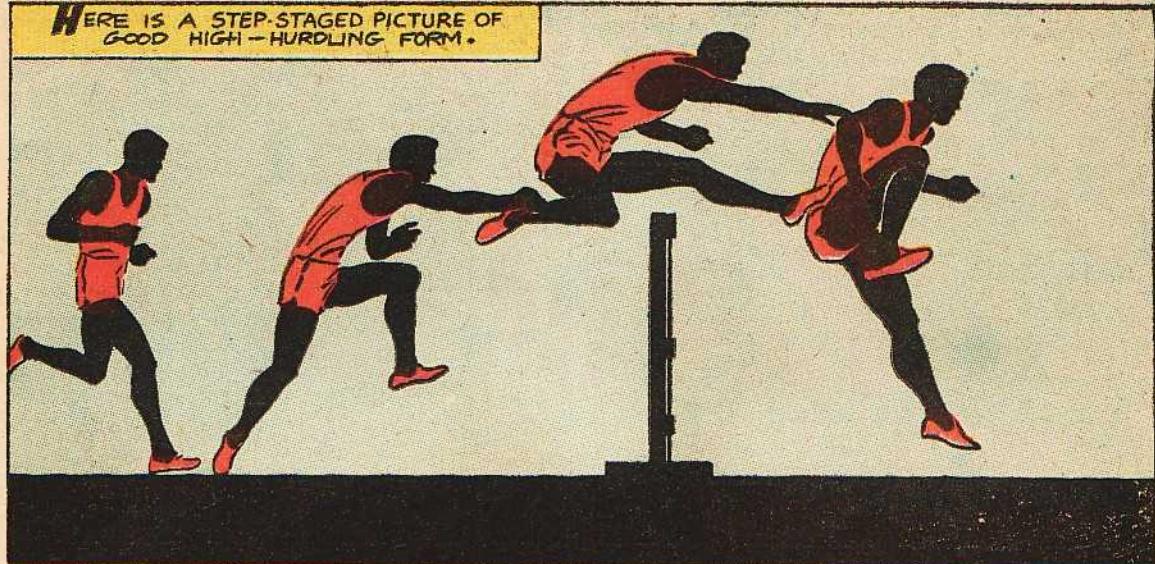
HURDLES ARE SPRINTS OVER EVENLY SPACED OBSTACLES. THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF THESE OBSTACLES.



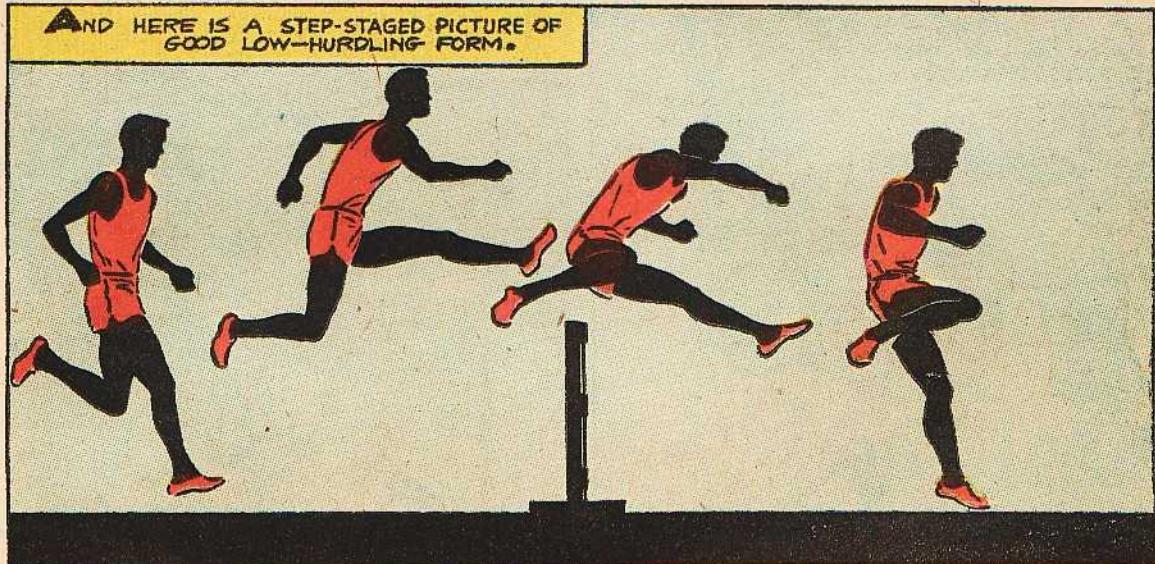
AND ALTHOUGH SPEED IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT, THE KEY TO GOOD HURDLING IS JUMPING FORM.



HERE IS A STEP-STAGED PICTURE OF GOOD HIGH-HURDLING FORM.



AND HERE IS A STEP-STAGED PICTURE OF GOOD LOW-HURDLING FORM.

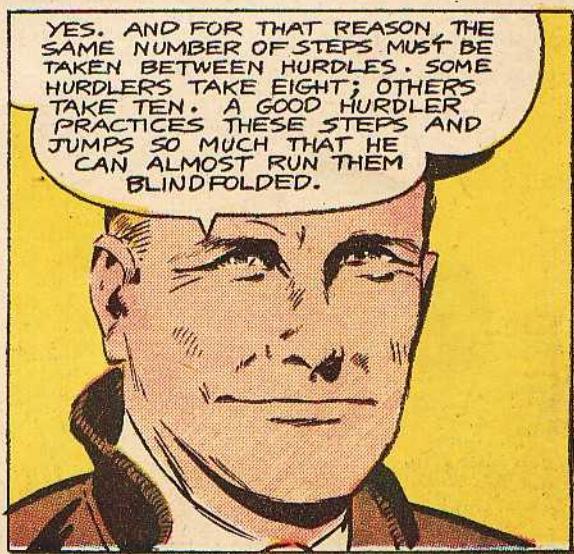


OF COURSE, YOU DON'T LEARN TO HURDLE LIKE THAT OVERNIGHT. LEARNING HOW TO TAKE A HURDLE REQUIRES A LOT OF PRACTICE.

DO YOU ALWAYS JUMP OFF ON THE SAME FOOT?



YES. AND FOR THAT REASON, THE SAME NUMBER OF STEPS MUST BE TAKEN BETWEEN HURDLES. SOME HURDLERS TAKE EIGHT; OTHERS TAKE TEN. A GOOD HURDLER PRACTICES THESE STEPS AND JUMPS SO MUCH THAT HE CAN ALMOST RUN THEM BLINDFOLDED.

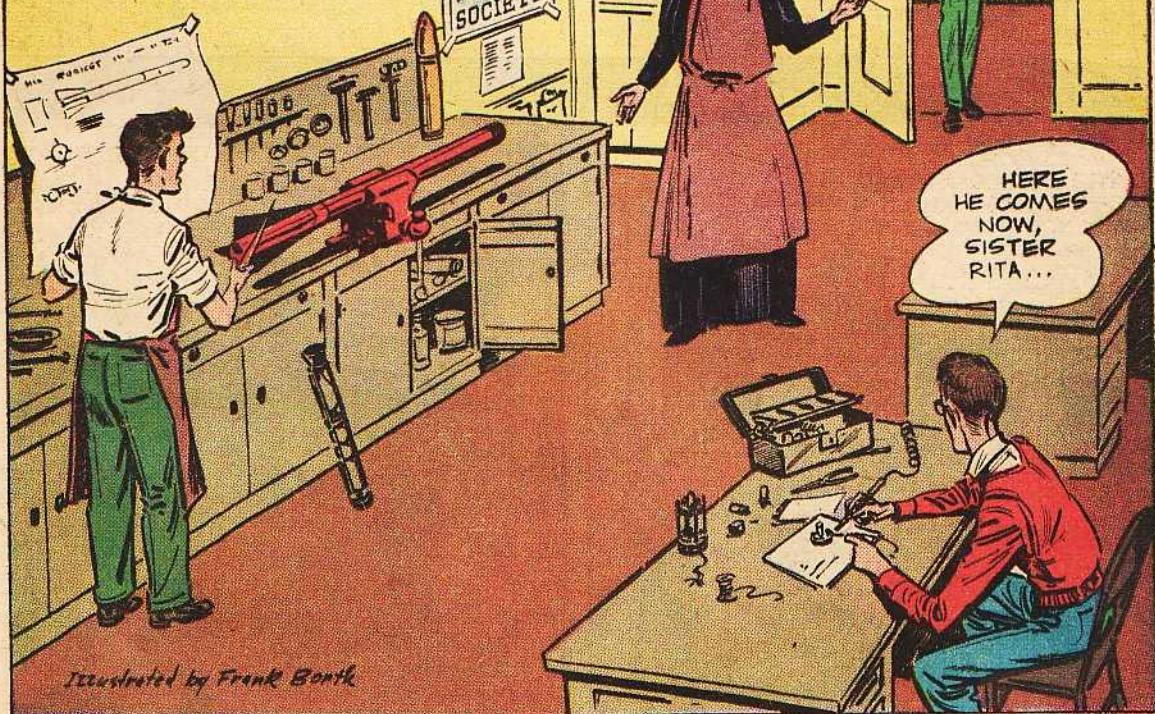




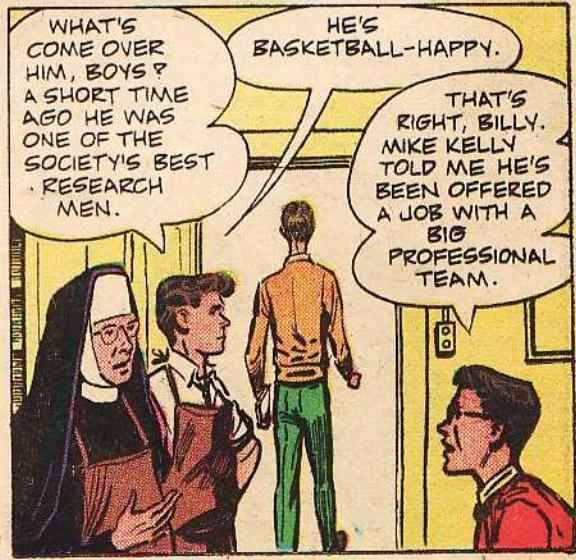
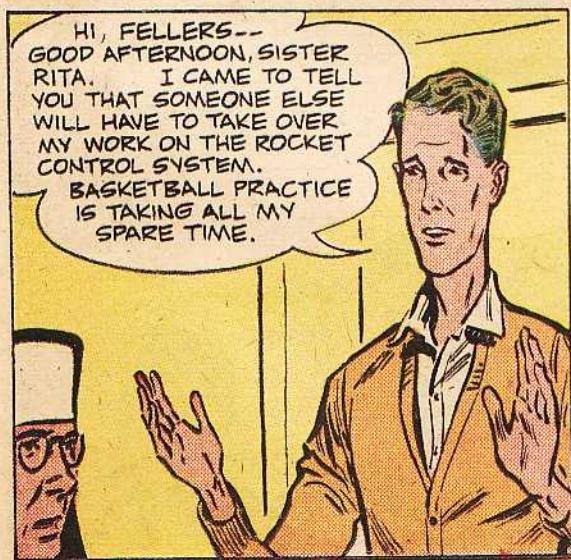
Chuck White

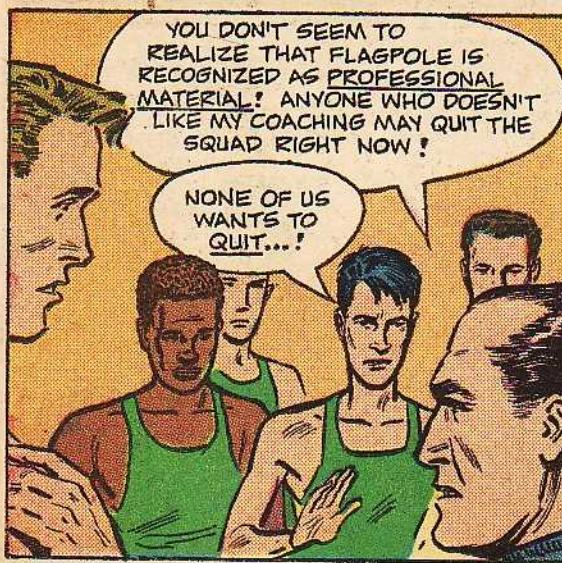
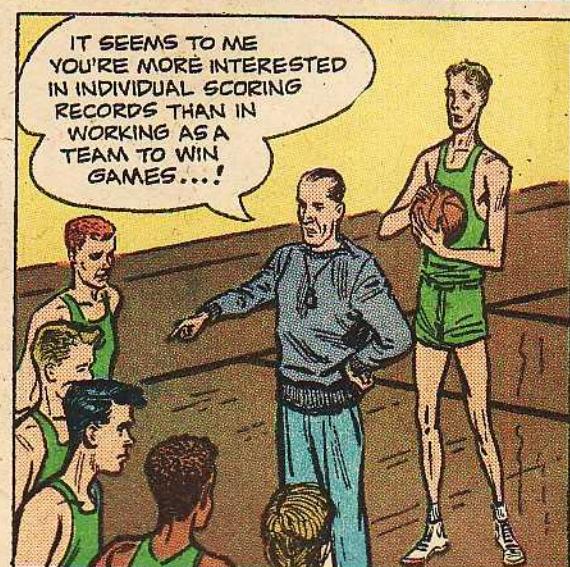
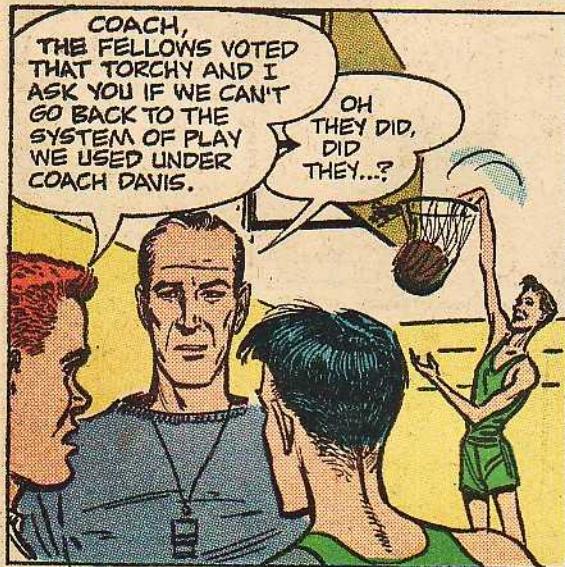
and his friends

by Max Pine



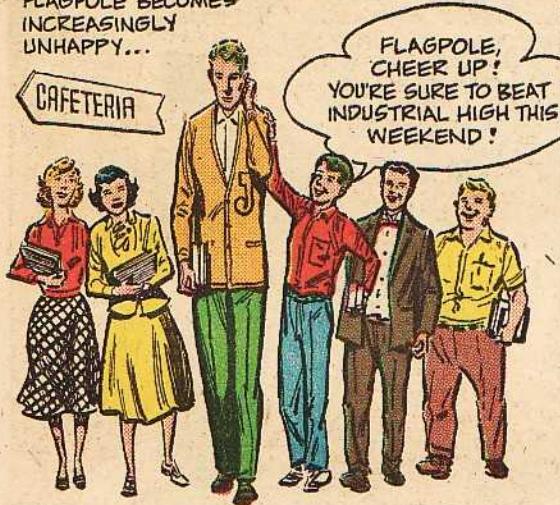
Illustrated by Frank Booth



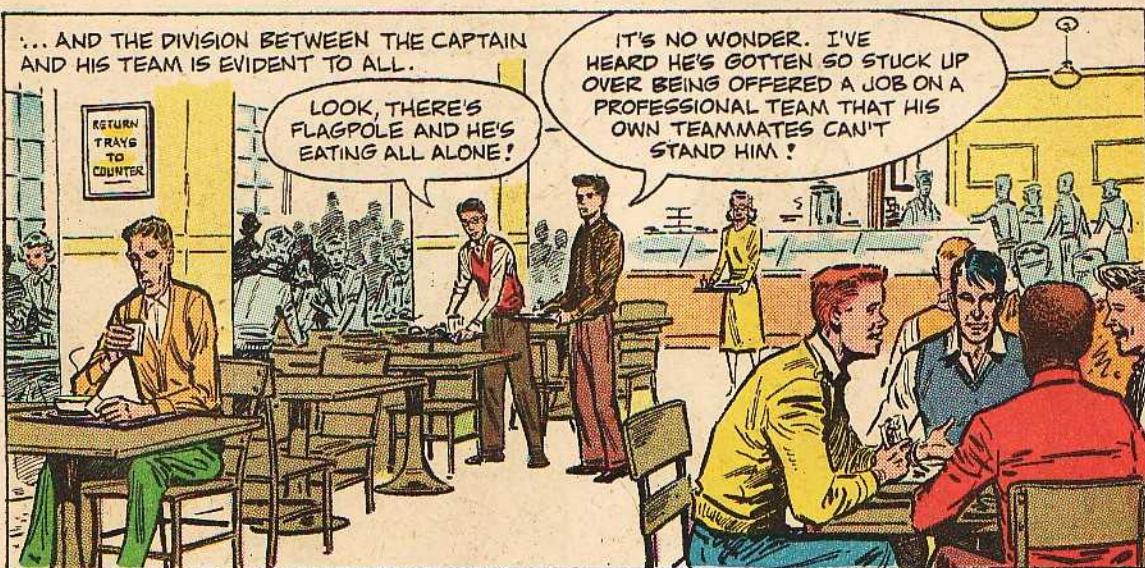


DURING THE FOLLOWING DAYS FLAGPOLE BECOMES INCREASINGLY UNHAPPY...

CAFETERIA



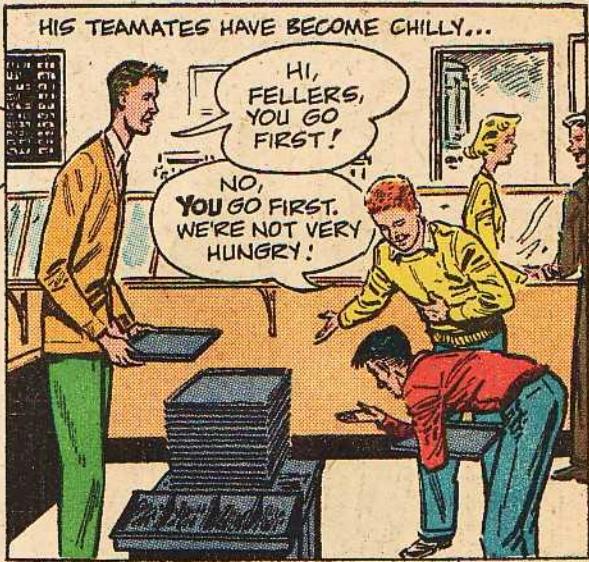
... AND THE DIVISION BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN AND HIS TEAM IS EVIDENT TO ALL.



THAT EVENING FLAGPOLE SEEKS ADVICE...

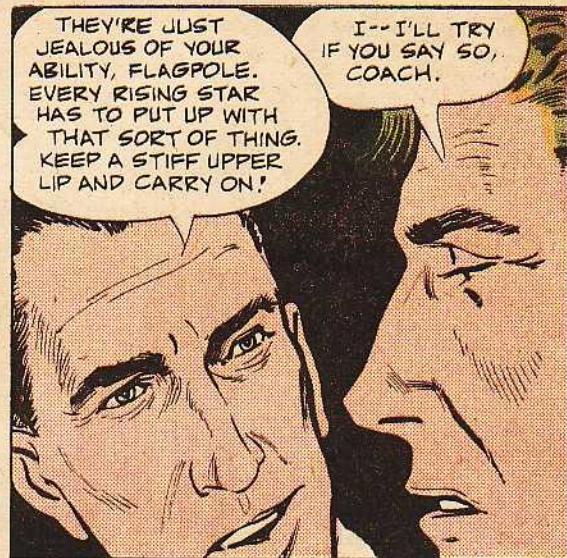


HIS TEAMMATES HAVE BECOME CHILLY...



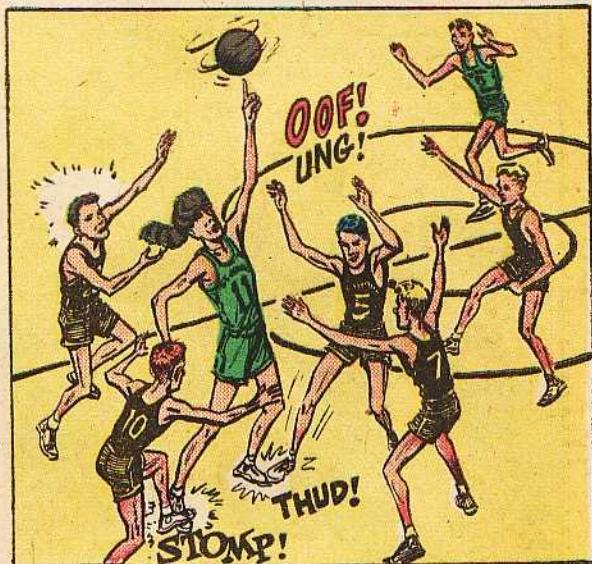
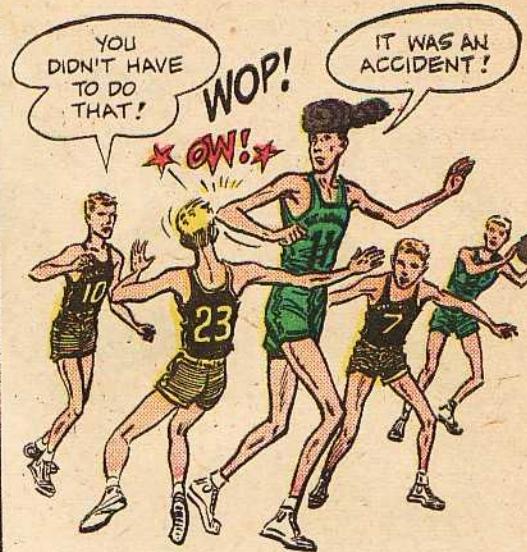
THAT'S QUITE A ROCKET YOU HAVE THERE, EDDY.



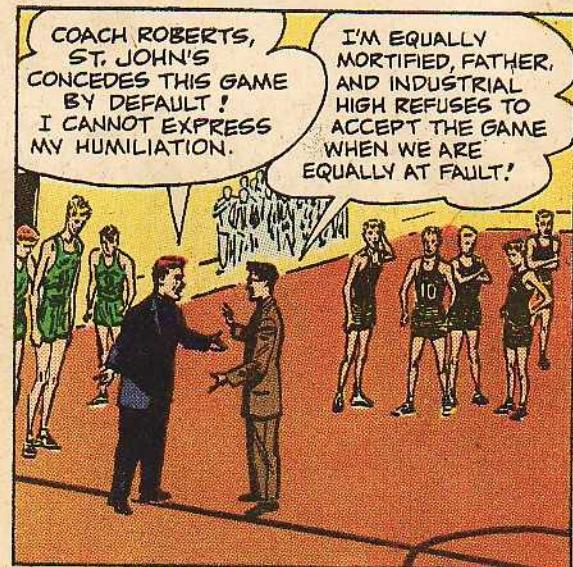
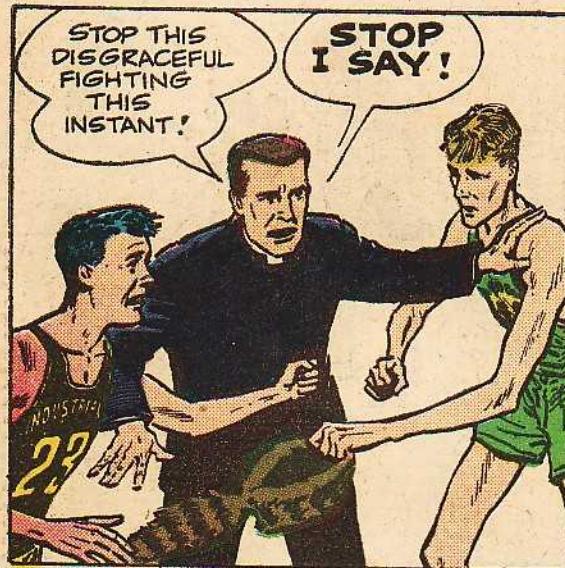


AS FLAGPOLE LEAVES TO GO HOME...





IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THERE IS A RIOT ON THE COURT...



PIERCING THE IRON CURTAIN

St. Stanislaus OF CRACOW

BY CATHERINE BEEBE —

THE NOBLE POLISH PARENTS HAD BEEN CHILDLESS MANY YEARS, BUT YEAR AFTER YEAR THEY HAD CONTINUED TO PRAY. THEN, IN 1030 THERE WAS JOY IN THE PALACE.

LOOK! HOW HE GROWS! A FINE ANSWER TO PRAYER!

LET US DEDICATE OUR STANISLAUS TO HIM WHO HAS GIVEN HIM TO US.



HE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME STUDYING THE WONDERS OF OUR CHRISTIAN FAITH.

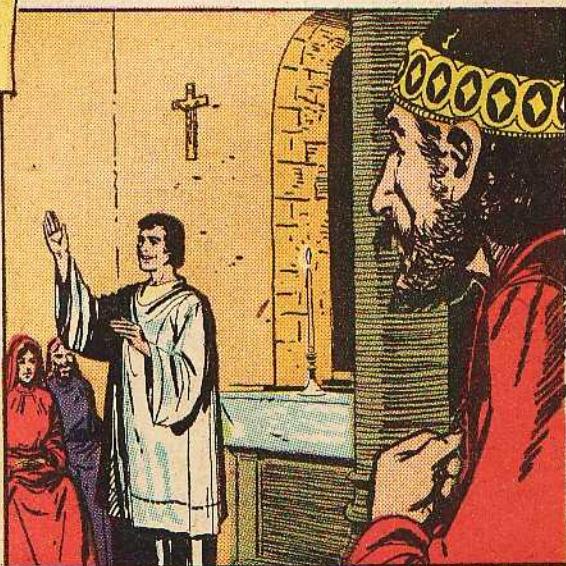
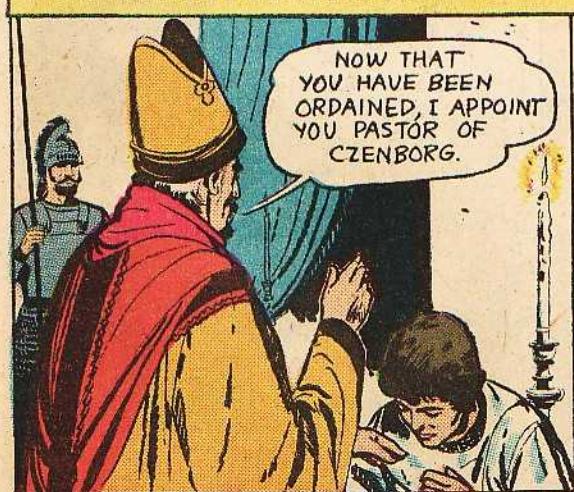
HE WILL NEED THEM IN THIS PAGAN WORLD.

AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS PARENTS, HE CONTINUED HIS STUDIES AND GAVE MUCH OF HIS INHERITANCE TO THE POOR.



THE BISHOP OF CRACOW WAS WELL PLEASED WITH STANISLAUS' ENTHUSIASM AND DEVOTION.

NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ORDAINED, I APPOINT YOU PASTOR OF CZENBORG.



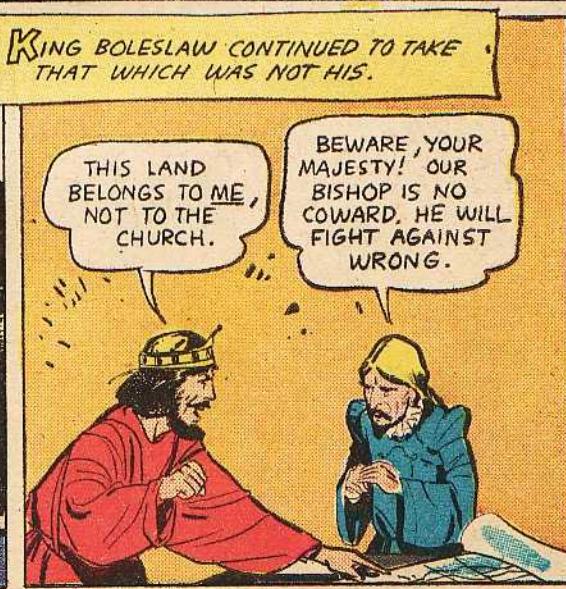


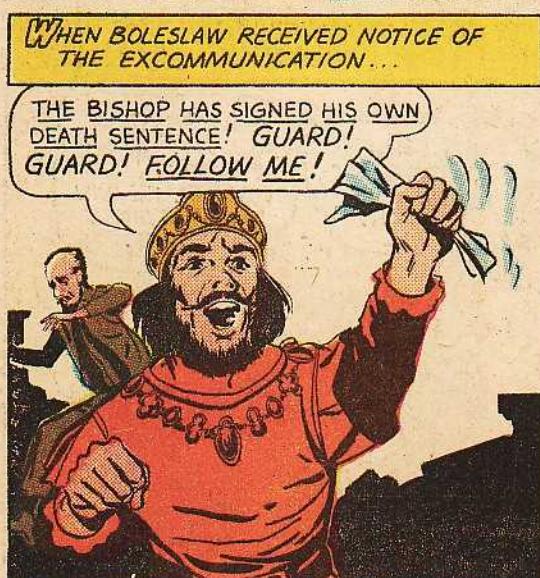
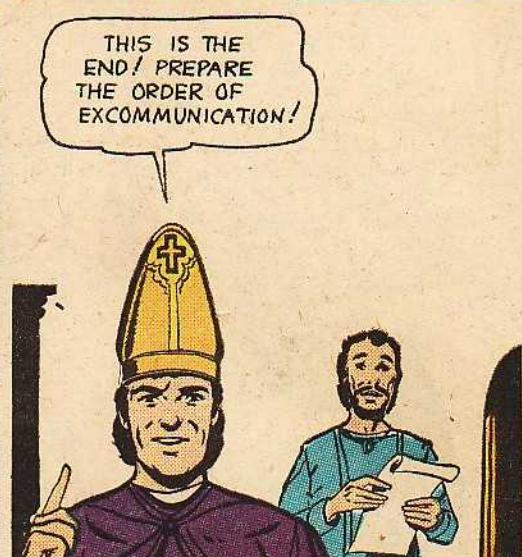
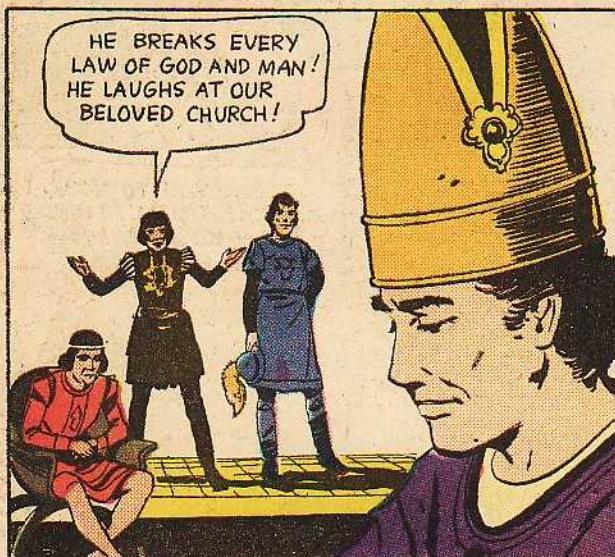
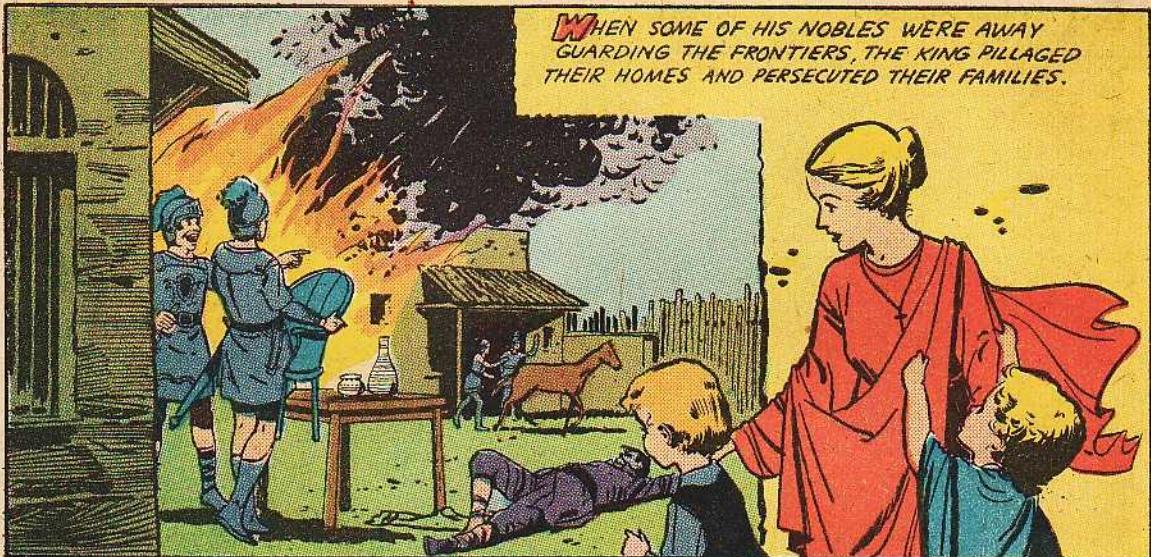
BUT THE HOLY FATHER, POPE ALEXANDER II,
THOUGHT HIM FULLY WORTHY.

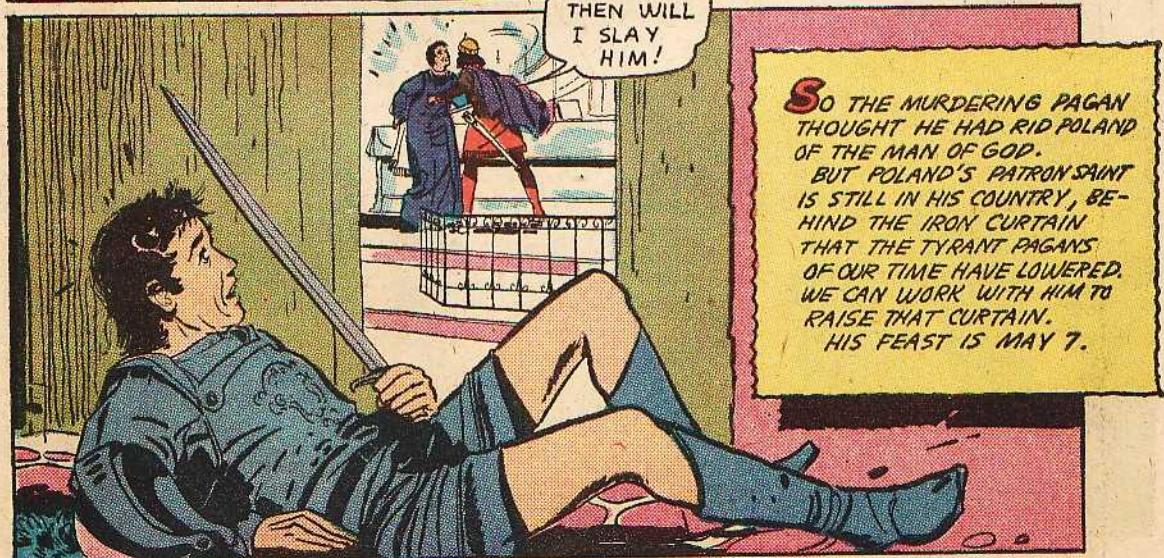
AND THE POPE'S COMMAND WAS FULFILLED...



AT THIS TIME BOLESLAW II WAS KING OF POLAND. HE WAS A GREAT WARRIOR BUT CRUEL AND DISHONEST.







KIDNAPPED BY A SPACE SHIP!

by Frances E. Crandall

PART 3

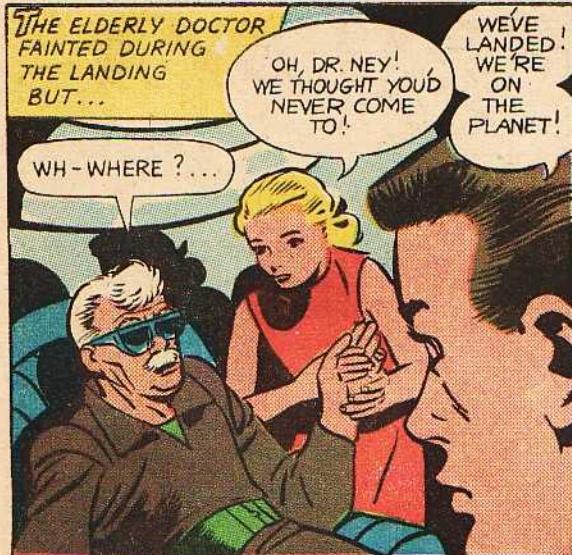
PEOPLE, OR....?

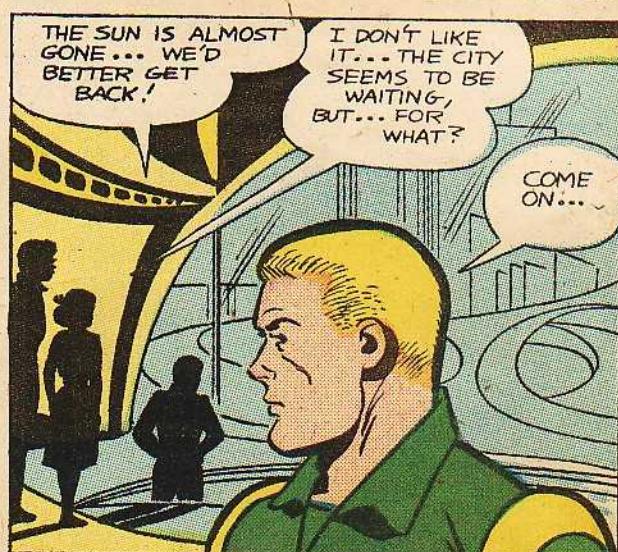
THE DISABLED
STARLIGHT II SWOOPS
DOWN ON THE
STRANGE PLANET
WITH TERRIFYING
SPEED...



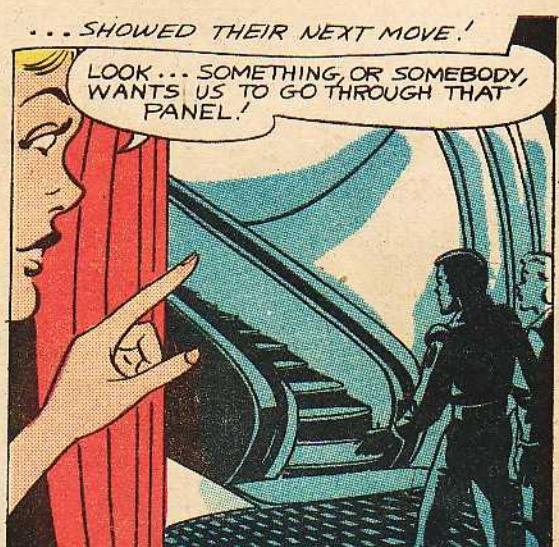
INSIDE THE SPACE SHIP...

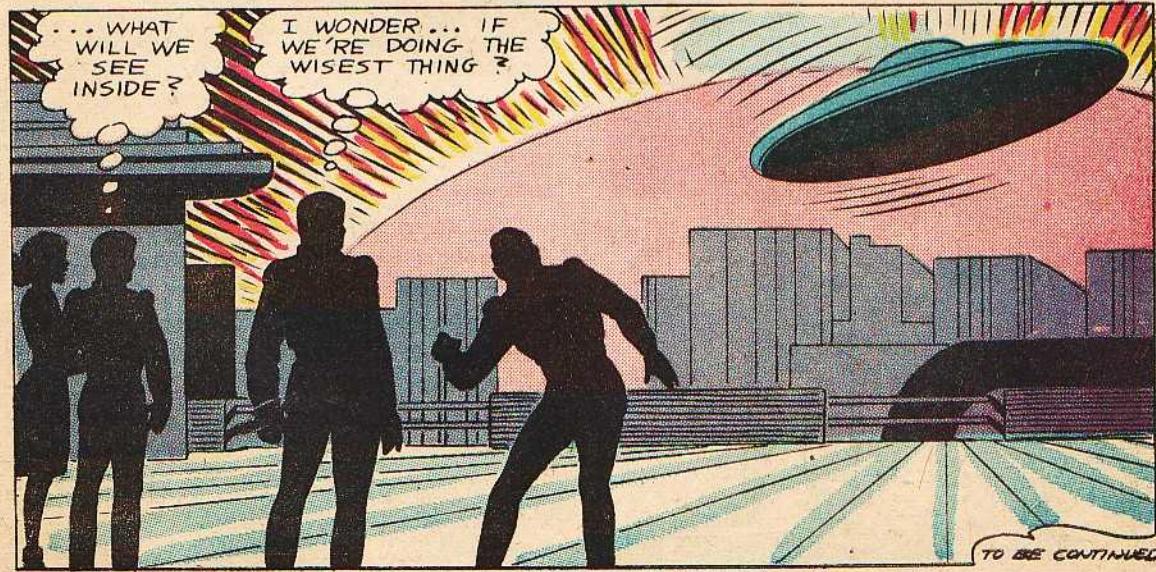
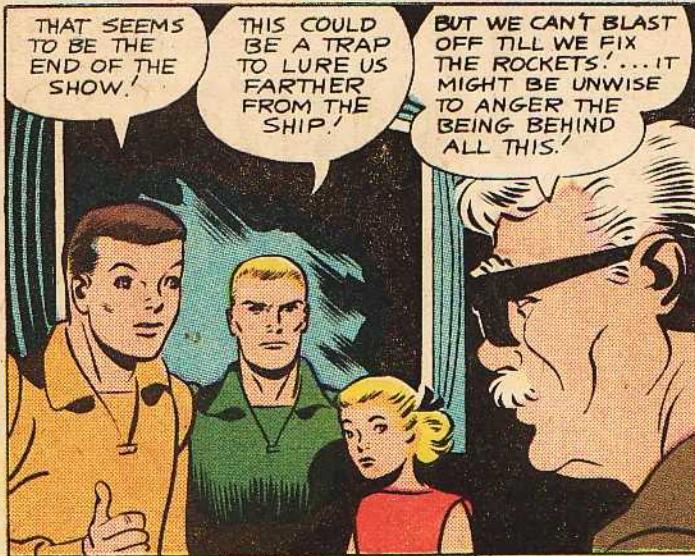












TO BE CONTINUED

Once Upon a Time . . .

THE STORY that follows is a combination of two myths. The myth of Gordius and his oxcart goes back to around 1200 B.C. The myth of Alexander and his sword is dated at 333 B.C. We are quite sure that Gordius' adventures are mythical, but Alexander really lived. Perhaps the story of what he did at Gordium is true, perhaps not—we are not quite sure.

Did Washington really chop down the cherry tree? We think not. Nevertheless, the cherry tree story has been told many times, because we feel it tells us something about Washington's character.

So, too, with this story of Alexander the Great. What he is said to have done at Gordium is so true to the character of Alexander that the story has lasted all these centuries, regardless of what—if anything—really happened there.

Alexander was superstitious—he believed in oracles, and he genuinely believed that he was the son of the pagan god Zeus. At the same time, he was a man of action, one of the great military geniuses of all time—but if superstition stood in his way . . . well, read the story.

The Companion mentioned in the story is one of Alexander's Companions—that body of officers serving him with unquestioned love and devotion. They could say at any time exactly what they thought. They were companions, exactly that.



Alexander Wanted Asia

by Eric St. Clair

Alexander the Macedonian, twenty-three years old, but already beginning to be called Alexander the Great, paused in the shadow of the temple. His Companion came up and stood beside him. This was the temple of Zeus, crown of the acropolis at Gordium; they had come a long way to be here.

"Sire," said the Companion. "You have made yourself master of the cities of Greece. Persia lies before you, waiting like a ripe fig to be plucked. And beyond Persia—" He paused, and shrugged. "All, for the taking. But here you are, risking everything for a foolish whim. If you ask my advice—"

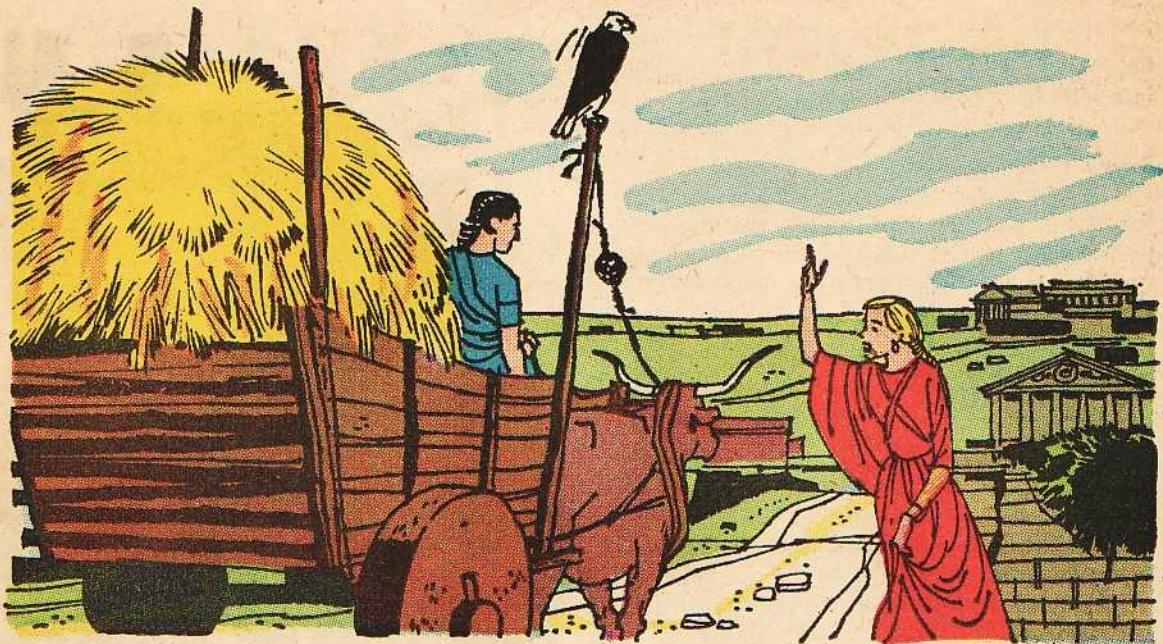
"I do not ask it," said Alexander.

"Nevertheless," said the Companion, "I give it to you. It is this: do not enter this temple to Zeus! Do not, I beg you, put your luck to so severe a test! A thousand men have tried what you propose to try—and every last man failed! Even Alexander might fail—Man, what a catastrophe! What a frightful omen that would be! Your troops would melt away like wax in the—"

"You need not witness my downfall," said Alexander calmly. "Wait outside, if you like. I am going in. My father Zeus will not desert me." Alexander stepped boldly into the soft dark inside the temple. His Companion followed.

The pagan priest of Zeus had been told they were coming. He stepped forward courteously.

"I have brought an offering," said Alexander. "The good steel sword that has served me so well." He held it up, so that the jewels of its hilt glowed softly. "I will dedicate it to my father Zeus. But first, tell me of the Gordian knot."



The priest began, talking easily and readily, as one who tells an old, familiar story. This is what he told:

Many, many hundred years ago there lived a young farmer by the name of Gordius. One day he went out to his barn to yoke up his ox, and behold! there was a royal eagle, the bird of Zeus, perched on the pole of his cart.

"Shoo!" said Gordius politely, so as not to offend the bird. "Shoo!"

But the bird, much to Gordius' astonishment, spoke to him. "Gordius," it said, "I am going to give you a wonderful gift, one that will make your name famous forever. In return, you must let me ride into town with you, perched on the pole of your ox cart. Will you do this?"

Gordius agreed very readily; this was but a small favor in return for a gift that promised to be so marvelous. "Good!" said the eagle. "Now watch closely while I show you your gift."

"Oh," said Gordius in disappointment when he saw what the gift was. It was instruction, nothing more, in how to join the ox yoke to the pole of his cart with a fancy knot. It was a most complicated knot, with loops and strands going in and out in such numbers that it made his head spin. He was a long time learning to tie it, so that the eagle squawked with impatience, but at last it was done. "There now!" said the eagle. "Nobody can untie that knot."

"Well," said Gordius, looking at the knot that he should very likely never be able to untie. "Thank you very much."

Gordius now yoked his ox, and he set out for

town with the eagle firmly perched on the pole of his cart. The eagle said nothing more, nor did Gordius. He spent the time wondering what good this new gift was going to be to him. None, probably.

Just outside the gates of the town a beautiful girl came running toward him. "Stop!" she cried. "Stop at once!"

Gordius pulled his ox to a halt.

"Who are you," she asked, "who carry the holy bird of Zeus on your oxcart?"

"I am Gordius," he said. "I am bringing hay to market."

"Never mind your hay," she told him. "You must come with me to the temple of Zeus, and there sacrifice your ox."

"And who is it," asked Gordius, "who orders me to kill my only ox?"

"I do," said the girl. "I order it. I am a priestess."

At this, Gordius put his head back, and roared with laughter. Suddenly he stopped laughing. He stared hard at the girl. She was, indeed, a most beautiful girl. He smiled at her. "I will gladly sacrifice my ox," he said slowly, "if you will first marry me."

"This is very sudden," she said. "I — "

Here, the eagle flapped its wings and rose up a little. Then it settled back on its perch even more solidly.

"An omen!" cried the girl. "It is most necessary that you sacrifice . . . but . . . I . . . yes, I will marry you!" And she smiled so sweetly at Gordius that he forgot his hay, his ox cart, the strange knot,

and the eagle perched on the pole. He had no thoughts except about the girl who now climbed in beside him.

So they went to the temple of Zeus, having gotten married on the way there, and Gordius sacrificed his ox. A great number of people had followed their cart, and now these people could be heard shouting outside the temple. "Why do they shout?" Gordius asked rather uneasily.

The priest saluted him, smiling. "It is the oracle," the priest said. "They are hailing their new king—you."

"H!" said Gordius in amazement.

"You," the priest replied. "For the oracle of Zeus foretold that a new king would come, our old king being dead for many weeks. And the oracle foretold this new king would come riding an ox cart with his bride beside him and the eagle of Zeus perched before him. And the yoke of the ox would be tied to the pole with a knot that no man could unweave. Have you not fulfilled the oracle? Are you not, therefore, our king?"

Again the priest saluted Gordius, as one who salutes his king.

Thus it was that Gordius and his bride became king and queen. They built their palace in the town, and the town grew to a city—the city of Gordium. Gordius placed the yoke and the pole of his cart, still tied together with the strange knot, in the temple, dedicating them to Zeus.

He and his queen ruled happily and well for many years.

When, at last, they died, the oracle spoke once more. "Any man," said the oracle, "who is wise enough to be able to undo the Gordian knot—the knot that binds the ox yoke to the pole of Gordius's old cart—is wise enough to take all Asia, and to rule it."

The priest of Zeus had finished his story. Alexander nodded. "Master of all Asia!" he said softly. "Take me to this famous Gordian knot," he said aloud.

"Sire!" said the Companion. "Do not—"

"Hush!" said Alexander.

The priest led them into the inner shrine. They saw it—the ancient cart of Gordius, black with the dust of centuries, with the great, lumpy knot still unraveled. "No one knows," said the priest, "how many men have sought mastery of Asia by trying to untie this knot—and failed. You, Sire, wish to try?"

"NO!" shouted the Companion. "What if you fail!"

"Yes!" said Alexander.



Very carefully he poked at the knot with the tip of his sword. What a prize would be his if he untied it! Now, this end . . . it leads under, so . . . farther on, it comes out again . . . but is it the same strand? Take another look: here is a strand that loops . . . but what has happened to the end of the loop? Perhaps, one should follow . . . but, no, here it looks like a different strand. . . .

The loops and turns and strands and tangles of the knot swam before Alexander's eyes as if they were enchanted. It was a most complicated knot!

Alexander's face clouded with perplexity. He stroked his chin. He licked his lips.

"Sire!" the Companion cried in great distress. "Sire!"

Here, Alexander caught up his sword, raised it over his head, and swung it with all his strength, down across the knot! The ancient Gordian knot fell apart, in two pieces.

"Well," said the pagan priest in some surprise. "So this is what the oracle meant! Courage, resolution, the intelligence to cut to the heart of a problem—these are kingly qualities." He drew up, and saluted Alexander. "My lord," he said, "Asia lies before you!"

The Book

A Story Of Music by Sydney Walter

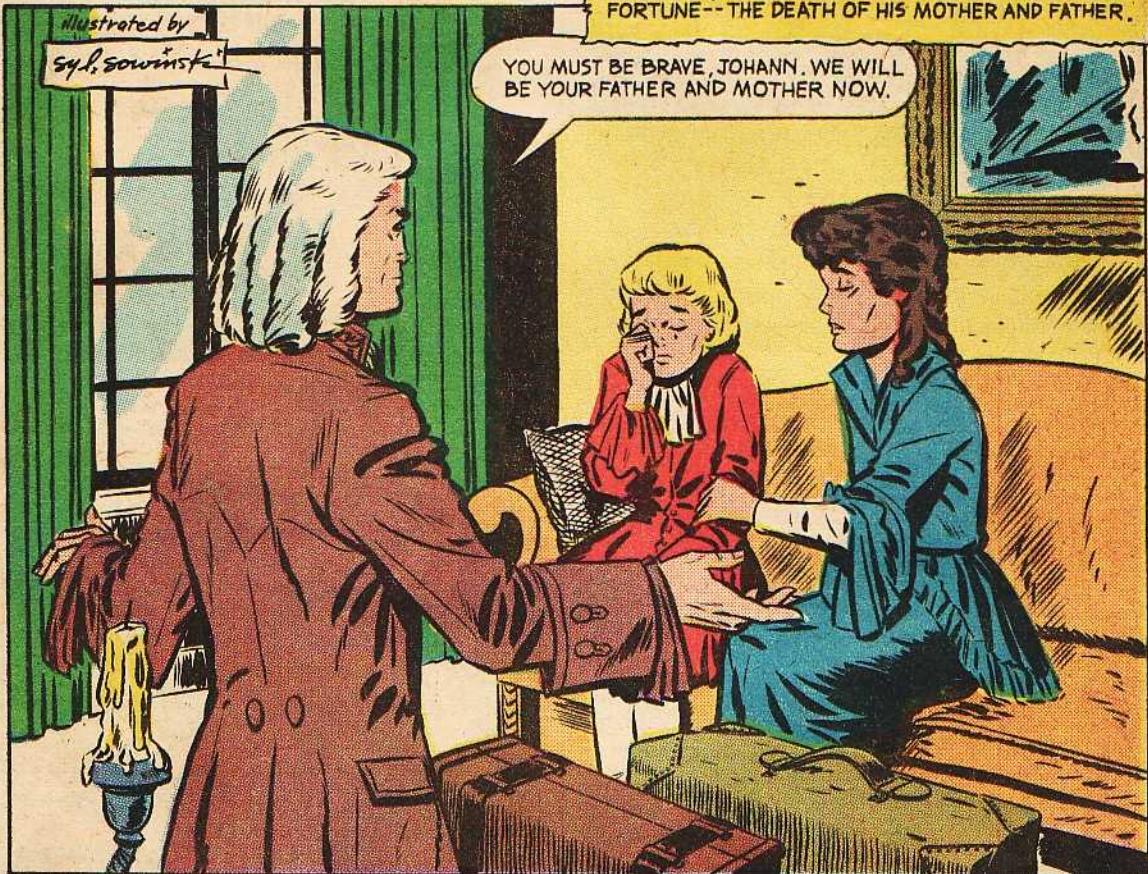
Illustrated by

Sy. L. Sowinski

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

BACH, THE MOST POWERFUL INFLUENCE IN THE MUSIC OF THE WESTERN WORLD, WAS BORN IN EISENACH, GERMANY, IN 1685. HIS FATHER, A COURT MUSICIAN, REALIZED THAT HIS SON HAD GREAT TALENT AND TAUGHT HIM TO PLAY THE VIOLIN. WHEN HE WAS ONLY NINE, JOHANN EXPERIENCED A GREAT MISFORTUNE--THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER AND FATHER.

YOU MUST BE BRAVE, JOHANN. WE WILL BE YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER NOW.



"JOHANN CHRISTOPHE GAVE HIS LITTLE BROTHER LESSONS ON THE CLAVIER, BUT THE BOY WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH SIMPLE EXERCISES AND HE PESTERED HIS BROTHER TO GIVE HIM HARDER PIECES."

"BUT LITTLE JOHANN WAS NOT SO EASILY DISCOURAGED, EACH NIGHT BY MOONLIGHT..."



BUT THESE ARE TOO EASY, BROTHER. WHY CAN'T I TRY THOSE PIECES BY THE MASTERS THAT YOU KEEP IN THAT BOOKCASE?

THAT WILL COME IN TIME. YOU ARE NOT READY YET.



IF I CAN JUST COPY THESE AND PUT THEM BACK WITHOUT MY BROTHER FINDING OUT, I'LL BE ABLE TO PLAY THEM WHENEVER I WANT.

"BUT ONE NIGHT JOHANN CHRISTOPHE HEARD HIS LITTLE BROTHER IN THE LIVING ROOM, AND NOT UNDERSTANDING THE LITTLE BOY'S GENIUS..."



"SO AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY JOHANN SET OUT ON FOOT FOR HAMBURG, WHERE HE SAW REINKEN AND HEARD HIM PLAY. ON THE WAY BACK TO LÜNEBURG JOHANN SAT DOWN TO REST OUTSIDE AN INN, TIRED, PENNLESS, AND HUNGRY."



"BUT WHEN HE LOOKED MORE CLOSELY AT THE FISH HEADS..."

WHY THERE'S A GOLD COIN IN EACH OF THESE HEADS! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THANK YOU.



"SOME KIND TRAVELER HAD SEEN THE HUNGRY BOY AND TAKEN PITY ON HIM."

"AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN, JOHANN LEFT THE HOUSE OF HIS BROTHER TO SING WITH THE CHOIR IN LÜNEBURG, OVER 200 MILES AWAY. THERE HE MET AND STUDIED UNDER GEORG BOHM, ONE OF THE GREATEST ORGANISTS IN GERMANY."

"YOU HAVE A GREAT TALENT, JOHANN. YOU MUST VISIT ADAM REINKEN IN HAMBURG. HE'S THE MAN WHO TAUGHT ME TO PLAY THE ORGAN; HE IS THE GREATEST ORGANIST IN GERMANY."



"BY THE TIME HE WAS 19, BACH HAD A POST AS ORGANIST AT THE CHURCH OF ST. BONIFACE IN ARNSTADT. HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE OTHER MUSICIANS AT THE CHURCH, BUT HIS QUICK TEMPER EARNED HIM MANY ENEMIES."



"GEYERSBACH TURNED OUT TO BE A DANGEROUS ENEMY. ONE NIGHT WHEN BACH WAS ESCORTING A YOUNG LADY TO HER HOME . . ."



"JOHANN TURNED OUT TO BE A BETTER FIGHTER THAN GEYERSBACH HAD BARGAINED FOR."

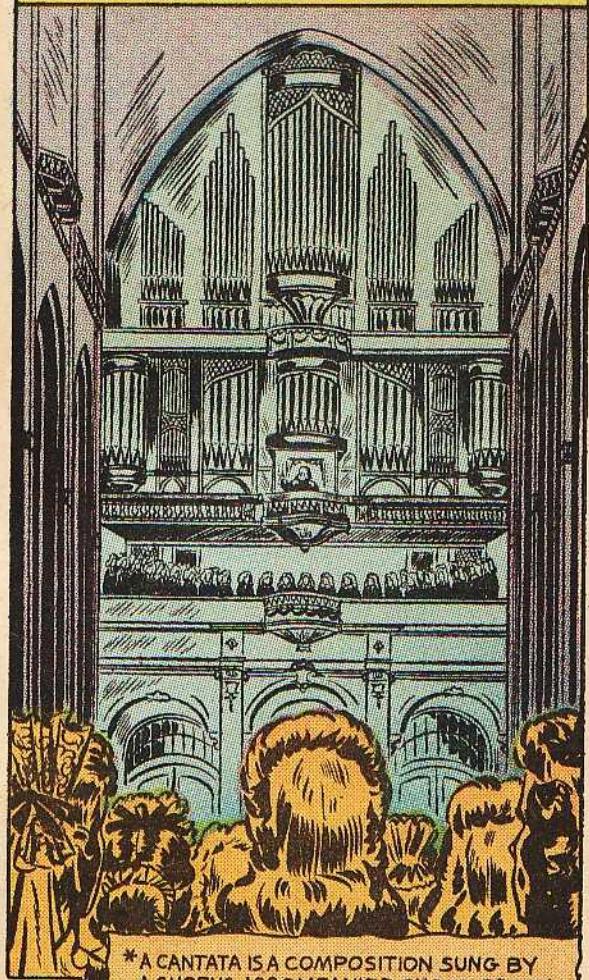


"IN 1707, WHEN BACH WAS 22, HE ACCEPTED A POST AS ORGANIST AT THE CHURCH OF ST. BLASIUS IN MÜHLHAUSEN. BEFORE LEAVING ARNSTADT, HOWEVER, JOHANN MARRIED THE YOUNG LADY, MARIA BARBARA."



"HIS WIFE HAD MUSICAL TALENT OF HER OWN, AND JOHANN LOVED TO ACCOMPANY HER WHILE SHE SANG IN HER SWEET, FULL VOICE."

"HE HAD NOT BEEN AT ST. BLASIUS' LONG WHEN THE CITY CALLED UPON HIM TO COMPOSE A CANTATA * FOR A CIVIC CELEBRATION."



* A CANTATA IS A COMPOSITION SUNG BY A CHORUS ACCOMPANIED ON THE ORGAN.

"AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, AT A MEETING OF THE CITY FATHERS OF MÜHLHAUSEN..."

TO SHOW OUR GRATITUDE FOR HERR BACH'S WONDERFUL "RATSWÄHL CANTATA," I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE THE WORK PUBLISHED.

AYE.



"THIS WAS THE ONLY ONE OF BACH'S MAGNIFICENT CANTATAS PUBLISHED DURING HIS LIFE TIME."

"THE DUKE OF WEIMAR HIRED BACH AS HIS ORGANIST, AND THERE JOHANN LIVED AND COMPOSED FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS."



"IN WEIMAR BACH CREATED SOME OF HIS MIGHTIEST ORGAN PIECES. HERE HE DEVELOPED THE INTRICATE, ORNAMENTAL, GRACEFUL STYLE FOR WHICH HE IS FAMOUS."

NEVER HAVE I HEARD ANYONE PLAY SUCH MUSIC WITH ONLY HIS FEET. PLEASE TAKE THIS RING AS A TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION, HERR BACH.



"IF BACH'S FEET DESERVED THIS TRIBUTE, IMAGINE WHAT TRIBUTE MUST HAVE BEEN PAID TO HIS HANDS!"

"A YEAR LATER..."

WE ARE SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE MÜHLHAUSEN, JOHANN.

I WISH I COULD STAY, BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE HERE WHO WANT TO TAKE MUSIC OUT OF THE CHURCH SERVICE. MUSIC IS MY WAY OF WORSHIPPING GOD, AND AT WEIMAR I SHALL BE ABLE TO DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE CREATION OF SACRED MUSIC IN PRAISE OF GOD.

"ONCE DURING A VISIT TO CASSEL, BACH PLAYED SOME OF HIS COMPOSITIONS FOR THE DUKE OF CASSEL."



"ONE PASSAGE CALLED ONLY FOR THE LOW NOTES SOUNDED BY THE ORGAN PLAYER'S FEET. AS HIS FEET FLEW OVER THE PEDALS THE MUSIC THUNDERED THROUGH THE HALL UNTIL..."

"IN 1718 BACH, NOW THE FATHER OF FOUR CHILDREN, MOVED AGAIN -- THIS TIME TO THE COURT OF PRINCE LEOPOLD, AT COTHEN."

IT IS REGRETTABLE THAT THERE IS NO ORGAN IN THE CHURCH HERE, JOHANN.

YES, BUT THE PRINCE DOES LOVE MUSIC, AND HE GIVES ME AS MUCH FREE TIME AS I WANT TO COMPOSE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.



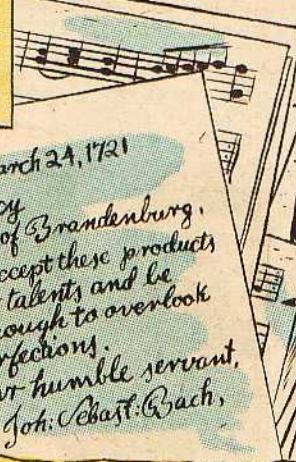
"IN BACH'S DAY, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, IN WHICH NO CHORUS WAS USED, HAD NOT YET BECOME POPULAR."



"ON ONE OF HIS VISITS TO BRANDENBURG, JOHANN PLAYED SOME OF HIS COMPOSITIONS FOR CHRISTIAN LUDWIG, MARGRAVE OF BRANDENBURG."



"BACH COMPOSED THE CONCERTOS AND SENT THEM TO THE MARGRAVE WITH A MODEST NOTE."



"THESE BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS, SO MODESTLY PRESENTED BY BACH, WERE AMONG THE MOST IMPORTANT INFLUENCES ON THE SYMPHONIC COMPOSITIONS OF LATER MUSICIANS SUCH AS MOZART, HAYDN, AND BEETHOVEN."

*A CONCERTO IS A COMPOSITION FOR A FULL ORCHESTRA IN WHICH ONE OR MORE INSTRUMENTS HAVE SOLOS.

"AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, JOHANN DEVOTED MORE TIME TO HIS SONS. WHILE TEACHING WILHELM FRIEDEMANN TO PLAY THE CLAVIER, BACH WROTE A LITTLE BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS EXPLAINING HIS METHODS OF PLAYING."



"THIS BOOK, AND ANOTHER CALLED 'THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER,' WHICH ALSO ILLUSTRATES BACH'S METHODS OF PLAYING AND COMPOSING, ARE STILL USED TODAY BY PIANISTS."

"ON 1721 BACH MARRIED AGAIN, AND A YEAR LATER THE FAMILY MOVED ONCE MORE."



"BACH REMAINED IN LEIPZIG FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE. THERE HE COMPOSED HIS MOST TENDER AND COMPASSIONATE CANTATAS: THE PASSIONS ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN AND ST. MATTHEW, THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO, THE MAGNIFICAT, AND MANY OTHERS."

By 1747, one of Bach's musically talented sons, Philipp Emanuel, was working for Frederick the Great, Emperor of Prussia. Bach decided to make a journey to Potsdam to visit his son. He arrived at the court just as Frederick was beginning one of his evening concerts, at which the Emperor himself played the flute. As Bach entered the concert hall...



"Thrilled by this warm reception from the great monarch, Bach sat at the organ and delighted the court with a brilliant performance of some of his own compositions."



"AFTER HIS DEATH, HIS MUSIC BECAME EVEN MORE UNPOPULAR."

WHY DO THEY STILL PLAY THAT STUFFY MUSIC JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH WROTE? NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR IT NOW.

I KNOW. HIS SON PHILIPP EMANUEL HAS WRITTEN MORE EXCITING MUSIC THAN OLD BACH EVER DREAMED OF.



"BACH LIVED TO SEE HIS MUSIC BECOME OLD-FASHIONED. EVEN HIS SONS SCORNED THE OLD MAN'S WORK."

WHY DO YOU STILL WRITE THAT MUSIC, FATHER? IT IS DRY AND UNINTERESTING. NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR IT ANY MORE.

PERHAPS, MY SON, BUT I PLAY WHAT I FEEL WITHIN ME. I CANNOT WRITE THE SENTIMENTAL MUSIC THAT IS POPULAR TODAY.



"BUT NOT EVERYONE FELT THIS WAY ABOUT JOHANN SEBASTIAN. IN THE 1780'S SOME OF BACH'S COMPOSITIONS FELL INTO THE HANDS OF ANOTHER YOUNG GENIUS, NAMED WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART."

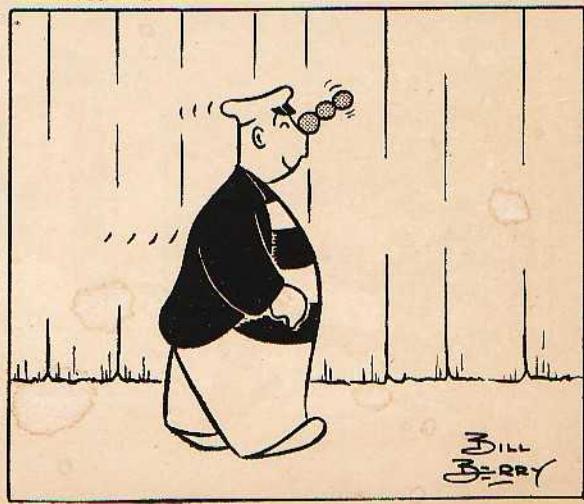
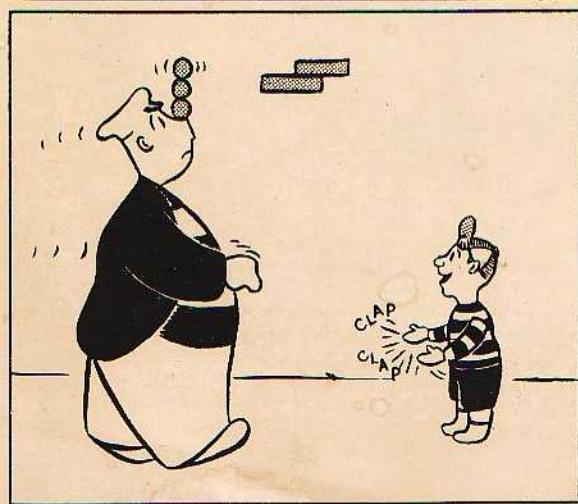
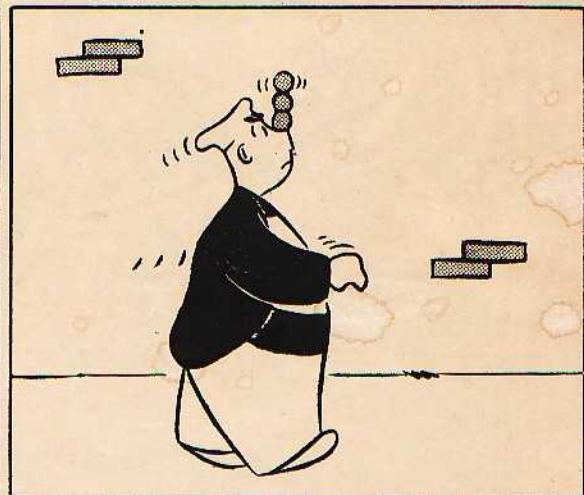
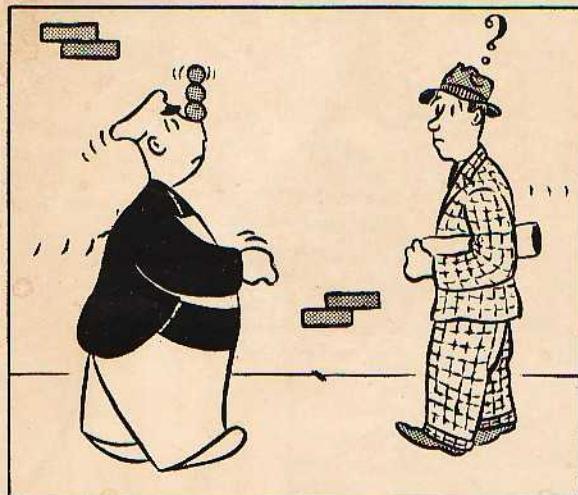
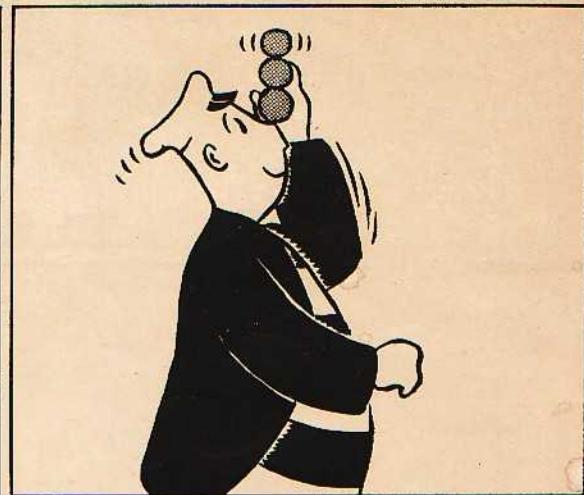
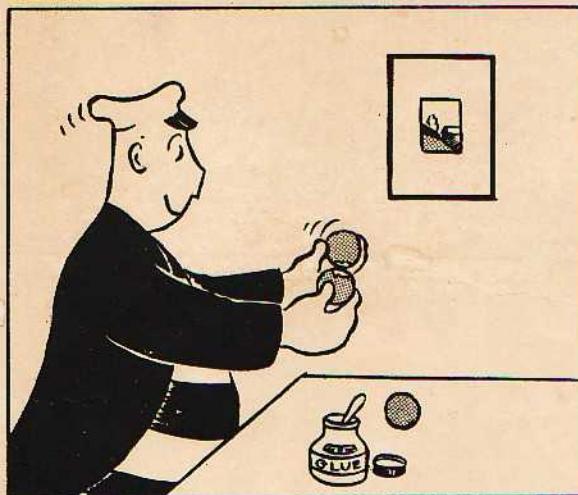
HERE, AT LAST, IS SOMETHING ONE CAN LEARN FROM. THIS IS A JEWEL COMPARED WITH THE SILLY MUSIC BEING WRITTEN TODAY.



"TODAY, THE MUSIC OF BACH'S SONS IS CONSIDERED OLD-FASHIONED. JOHANN SEBASTIAN'S MUSIC IS CONSIDERED AMONG THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD. HE IS THE FIRST OF THE THREE GIANTS OF MUSIC -- THE THREE B'S -- BACH, BEETHOVEN, AND BRAHMS."

(to be continued)

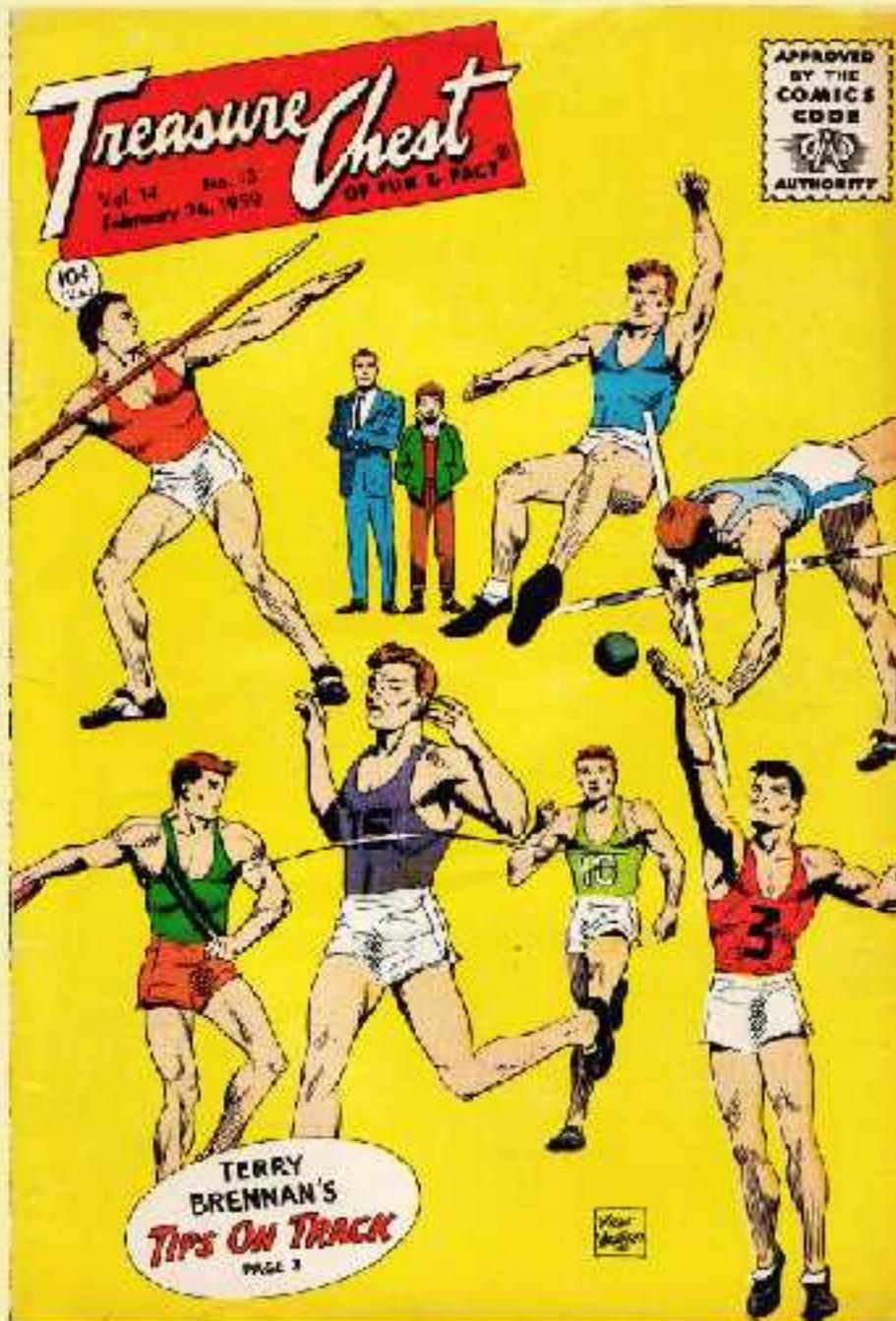
OTTO



BILL
SERRY

Feast of
**ST. THOMAS
AQUINAS**
MARCH 7





Treasure Chest # v14_13 (1959)

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